Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would *I* knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men *I* hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue,
Glo. Look how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth me poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after *I* haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone,
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Bartly, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*

Glo.

Line 1 thy rage. 9 was man 18 my poore
19 Weare — 35 Barkley.
Lines ſhalt thou — 18 ſhall I — 20 poore devoted
ſuppliant —